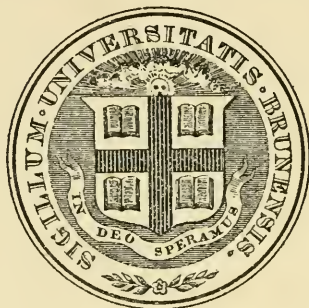


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ARBOR DAY



RHODE ISLAND MAY-13-1904



May 13, 1904.

Dear Friends:

The return of Arbor Day summons us to celebrate again the coming of Spring. After a winter of undue severity and unusual length we shall all hail proofs of every kind that give testimony to the fact that Winter is truly over and gone, and that we stand upon the threshold of a more congenial season.

Not only are buds swelling with new life, but already many flowers have dared to show their heads, while our feathered friends are in evidence on many a tree and shrub.

Now is the time of all the year for each one of us to open his eyes and his ears in order that he may see and hear some of the beautiful things Dame Nature is preparing for us. We really do not perceive half of the beauty in color and sound which she pours out so lavishly all about us. To one whose eyes are wide open, and taught to interpret what falls upon their vision, and whose ears are attuned to real harmony, this world is a perfect panorama of beauty with a song accompaniment.

The one lesson enforced by each Arbor Day is that of observation. It is the same old story of eyes that see not and ears that hear not, and if the establishment and maintenance of this spring festival produced no other

result but an increase in this power of noting events that transpire all around one, so that it could be truly said that the child was placed in touch with his environment, it has abundantly justified its creation.

We naturally think of the tree and the flower on Arbor Day, and of measures to promote their growth and cultivation. We have our State tree and flower,—the maple and violet,—and are interested in all efforts to develop and perfect them. But this day cannot be restricted to vegetable life alone. Animals in general, and birds in particular, are a large part of Arbor Day. It is fitting, therefore, that we link the flowers and the birds together in our celebration. Nature groups them in her presentation. Why should we not recognize the fact, so that each may assist the other? Certain trees and flowers naturally suggest certain birds, if our minds are open to all influences.

It is to be hoped that all schools will more and more turn the celebration of Arbor Day to bringing the children into close, vital touch with Nature at first hand. A child does not care to know what a *book* says *about* things, but what the things really *are*. The things about him, which he sees, hears, touches constantly, appeal to him, and he naturally seeks for their interpretation. He is now in search of *facts*, not a classified knowledge thereof. That teacher, therefore, who is able to take the object nearest at hand, whether it be a flower, an insect, a stone, or whatever it may be, and unfold its history is the true guide to Nature.

Whoever finds her secrets penetrates by-ways and paths all unknown to the multitude. As it was once said "All roads lead to Rome," so in this study we find that howe'er diverse the methods they all lead to the same end,—the true interpretation of Nature.

Let us then all start upon our quest, each on his own purpose bent, assured that if we are true to our own impulses we shall be led by an instinct at once human and divine.

THOMAS B. STOCKWELL,

Commissioner.



SUGGESTIVE PROGRAMME

SONG

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS · PRAYER

SONG

SIGNS OF SPRING

FLOWERS AND BIRDS

SONG

SHORT ADDRESSES

PLANTING

SONG

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS.

For God is my king of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth.

The day is thine, the night also is thine: thou hast prepared the light and the sun.

Thou hast set all the borders of the earth: thou hast made summer and winter.

Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone.

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad . . . ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing.

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.

Praise ye him, sun and moon: praise him, all ye stars of light:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things, and flying fowl.

Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

Flow'rs are blooming all around,
Are blooming on this day;
And the trees with verdure clad,
Welcome the month of May
Making earth a garden fair
To hail the Arbor Day,
Clothing all Nature with gladness.

—*Ellen Beauchamp.*

SIGNS OF SPRING.

Birds among the budding trees,
 Blossoms on the ringing ground ;
 Light from those ? or song from these ?
 Can the tangle be unwound ?

For the bluebird's warbled note,
 Violet—odors hither flung ;
 And the violet curved her throat,
 Just as if she sat and sung.

Dandelions dressed in gold,
 Give out echoes clear and loud,
 To the oriole's story, told
 With gay poise and gesture proud.

And the swaying yellow-bird,
 Trilling, thrills their hollow stems,
 Until every root is stirred,
 Under their dropped diadems.

Swallows thicken through the air,—
 Curve and drift of plummy brown,—
 Wafting, showering everywhere,
 Melody's light sud-notes down.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

May.

A SONNET.

Sweet May ! thou loveliest month of all the year,
 Thy birth the feathered songsters celebrate ;
 For now no chilling winds they ever fear ;
 But build their nests and sing their songs elate.
 To children, too, thou art supremely dear ;
 Upon thy natal day they choose their queen ;
 Hailing thy advent with a joy sincere,
 They dance around their Maypole on the green.
 Bright dandelions their golden eyes now ope ;
 All scattered o'er thy fields fair flowers are seen.
 Now all the teeming earth o'erflows with hope ;
 Her fountains all display their brightest sheen.
 Around thy cradle fairies dance and sing ;
 But to thy grave with tears their garlands bring.

—*Melvin Hix, New York City.*

Thoreau says of spring: " March fans it, April christens it, May puts on its jacket and trousers."

A Spring Verse.

Now spring is stirring to arise
 Upon her violet pillows,
 Now, purring softly down the road,
 Come little pussy willows.

—*Mary E. Wilkins.*

Birds.

Birds ! Birds ! ye are beautiful things,
 With your earth-treading feet and your cloud-soaring wings,
 Where shall Man wander, and where shall he dwell,
 Beautiful birds, that ye come not as well ?
 Ye have nests on the mountain, all rugged and stark,
 Ye have nests in the forests, all tangled and dark ;
 Ye build and ye brood 'neath the cottager's eaves,
 And ye sleep in the sod 'mid the bonnie green leaves ;
 Ye hide in the heather, ye lurk in the brake,
 Ye dive in the sweet flags that shadow the lake ;
 Ye skim where the stream parts the orchard-decked land,
 Ye dance where the foam sweeps the desolate strand ;
 Beautiful birds, ye come thickly around.
 When the bud's on the branch and the snow's on the ground ;
 Ye come when the richest of roses flush out,
 And ye come when the yellow leaf eddies about.

—*Eliza Cook.*

The Echo in the Heart.

It's little I can tell
 About the birds in books ;
 And yet I know them well,
 By their music and their looks.
 When May comes down the lane,
 Her airy lovers throng
 To welcome her with song,
 And follow in her train ;
 Each minstrel weaves his part
 In that wild-flowery strain,
 And I know them all again
 By their echo in my heart.

—*Henry Van Dyke.*



Nature's Music.

The flowers from the earth have arisen ;
 They are singing their Easter song ;
 Up the valleys and over the hillsides
 They come, an unnumbered throng.

Oh, listen ! The wild flowers are singing
 Their beautiful songs without words !
 They are pouring the soul of their music
 Through the voices of happy birds.

Every flower to a bird has confided
 The joy of its blossoming birth—
 The wonder of its resurrection
 From its grave in the frozen earth.

For you chirp the wren and the sparrow,
 Little Eyebright, Anemone pale !
 Gay Columbine, orioles are chanting
 Your trumpet note, loud on the gale.

The buttercup's thanks for the sunshine
 The goldfinch's twitter reveals ;
 And the violet trills through the bluebird
 Of the heaven that within her she feels.

The song sparrow's exquisite warble
 Is born in the heart of the rose,
 Of the wild rose, shut in its calyx,
 Afraid of belated snows.

And the melody of the woodthrush
 Floats up from the nameless and shy
 White blossoms, that stay in the cloister
 Of pine forests, dim and high.

—*Lucy Larcom.*

All Yellow.

A dandelion sprang on the lawn,
 All gayly dressed in yellow ;
 He nodded in the springing grass,
 A jolly little fellow.

A yellow bird flew from the tree ;
 He, too, was dressed in yellow ;
 " The saucy thing to steal my coat !
 The thief, the wicked fellow ! "

A golden sunbeam came that way,
 And eyes each little fellow ;
 " Dear me, when one the fashion leads,
 How common grows my yellow. "

—*Poetry of Flower Land.*

FLOWERS.

Anemone.

A sculptor is the Sun, I know,
Whose shining marble is the snow :
All through the winter, day by day,
He with his golden chisel ray
Toils patiently that he may bring
A statue forth to honor Spring ;
And when she comes behold it there, —
A blossom in the gentle air, —
A form of gracious symmetry, —
A fragile white anemone.

—*Frank Dempster Sherman.*

Wind Anemone.

Nothing sweeter is to me
Than the Wind Anemone,
Lifting up her fair pink face
In some lonely wildwood place.

Children, in the April days,
When you search the hillside ways,
Search the valleys through and through
For buttercups and violets blue ;

Here and there you'll surely see
Pretty Wind Anemone,
In her ample, pale-green gown,
And her dear eyes looking down.

Then with me I pray you say :
Sweetest flower I've found to-day,
Type of grace and purity,
Lovely Wind Anemone !

—*Mary Grant O'Sheridan.*

Columbine.

Gay in her red gown, trim and fine,
Dances the merry columbine,
Never she thinks if her petals shall fall ;
Cold rains beating she does not dread ;

Sunshine is round her and spring birds call
Blue are the skies above her head.
So in her gown, trim and fine,
Merrily dances the columbine.

—*Arlo Bates.*

I met a little lady,
A stranger here, mayhap ;
She wore a gown of green,
She wore a scarlet cap.

Graceful was her figure,
Her manners very fine ;
A fairy airy creature,
Her name was Columbine.

The pasture was her parlor,
Very sweet the views ;
The winds from every corner
Brought the latest news.

—*Mary F. Butts.*

B I R D S .

A Spring Meeting.

(ROBIN TO WREN.)

"Hullo, Bob Wren,
Are you back again?
Glad to see you so well and so merry;
Fear we're here
Rather early this year.
Dear, but I wish I'd a bite of a cherry.
Just ripe in the south,
Melt in your mouth.
Weren't you sorry to leave the sunny
Land of bloom, and of bees and honey?

"By and by here 'twill be bright and jolly
With bud and blossom, but somehow now
The atmosphere seems melancholy,
For there's not a leaf on a single bough:
And the wind, Oh, how it makes you shiver,
And long for the balmy air that blows
The reeds that quiver
Above some river,
That warm in Floridian sunlight flows.

"Have you any new songs to sing this season?
And do you know where you are going to stop?
We've taken rooms in the very top
Of 'The Maple'—prices quite within reason,
You've a flat near by that you've leased till fall?
How nice. Then surely you'll come and call."

—*Clinton Scollard.*

The Oriole's Song.

Tangled and green the orchard way,
Breath of blossom, and waft of breeze;
Dew-wet vistas of breaking day,
Drifted snow on the drooping trees.
Through branching bloom, and mist of green,
Now here, now there, upon the wing,
Flame of oriole faintly seen—
Vision fair of the winsome spring.

A low-drawn cadence, thrilling, low,
A call, a charm unto the ear;
A forest brook in golden flow,
A love song to the waking year.

And all the gladness of a young May
Is touched with pathos at the strain;
The melting music of thy lay
Our heart's deep secrets wakes again.

—*Sheila.*

Oriole.

Hush! 'T is he.
My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping,—
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way,
Nor, more than wiser we in our affairs,
Divines the providence that hides and helps

Heave ho! Heave ho! he whistles as the twine
Slackens its hold; once more, now! and a flash
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt.
Nor all his booty is the thread; he trails
My loosened thought with it along the air,
And I must follow, would I ever find
The inward rhyme to all this wealth of life.

From "*Under the Willows*,"—*Lowell.*

Buttercup.

"They say I'm but an idle weed,
As useless as I'm gay;
But there was never yet a flower
More loyal to the May."

—*Selected.*

The Buttercup.

O, bravely she holds up,
To catch the sun and dew,
And sometimes raindrops, too,
Her tiny golden cup.

She needs the clouds and rain,
To make her brightest flowers,
For her life, just as ours,
Can grow because of pain!
—*Margaret Deland.*

A Child's Answer.

What makes the buttercup so yellow?
O, he caught a golden sunbeam in his cup,
And wouldn't yield it up—
The saucy fellow!

—*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

"The rich, milk-tingling buttercup
Its tiny polished urn holds up,
Filled with ripe sunshine to the edge,
The sun in his own wine to pledge."

—*Lowell.*

The eyes of spring so azure
Are peeping from the ground;
They are the darling violets
That I in nosegays bound.

Not of the World.

I often think that God loves best the flowers
Which bloom for Him alone, which are not seen
By worldly eyes, nor plucked for worldly bowers,
Stars of the wildwood, lustrous and serene.

Fair in His sight may be the victor rose
Which burst in bloom the hero's hour to greet;
And dear the purple amaranth which grows
Spontaneous underneath His singers' feet.

But the lone violet, which for love's own sake
Its life exhales in pure, unconscious good,
Some sunless shrine a glowing shrine to make,
With urn of incense in the solitude,

Not with the greenwood roof its sweetness ends;
Though moss and mould hold close the slender spire;
Warmly the heart of heaven above it bends,
And a new note fills Nature's answering lyre.

—*Frances L. Mace.*

Sometimes one by one they drop
 From low hung branches ; little space they stop,
 But sip, and twitter, and their feathers sleek,
 Then off at once, as in a wanton freak ;
 Or, perhaps, to show their black and golden wings,
 Pausing upon their yellow flutterings.

—*Goldfinches, by John Keats.*

The Bluebird.

(Written by Bonnie Dugane, Cedar Falls, Ia.,
 when eight years of age.)

I'm a pretty little birdie
 With a coat of brightest blue,
 I sit upon a fence post
 And sing the whole day through.
 My nest is in an old dead log,
 That's hollow at the top,
 And when you're passing by some day,
 If you'll just kindly stop,

I'll let you see those eggs of mine,
 I'm sure you won't take any,
 You'll only say they're very fine,
 And then just count how many !
 I'll tell you what they look like now,
 Describe them to a dot,
 They are the palest, greenest blue
 Without a single spot.

—*Wm. Barstow Dugane.*

“And yonder bluebird, with the earth tinge on his breast and the sky tinge on his back,—did he come down out of heaven on that bright March morning when he told us so plaintively that if we pleased, Spring had come? Indeed, there is nothing in the return of the birds more curious and suggestive than in the first appearance, or rumors of the appearance, of this little blue-coat. The bird at first seems a mere wandering voice in the air; one hears it call or carol on some bright March morning, but is uncertain of its source or direction; it falls like a drop of rain when no cloud is visible; one looks and listens, but to no purpose.”—*John Burroughs.*

A bit of sky to make a coat,
 A mottled vest, a swelling throat,
 A silver tint in tail and wing,
 A joyous song to herald spring !

—*The Bluebird, by S. E. S.*



Wild Rose.

Rose ! thou art the sweetest flower
That ever drank the amber shower ;
Rose ! thou art the fondest child
Of dimpled spring, the wood-nymph wild.

— *Thomas Moore.*

The Wild Rose.

Five petals of a pale pink tint
Are round its heart of gold,
And hither, thither, without stint,
It scatters o'er the wold ;
The hazel thickets have their store ;
The fields are fringed round ;
It straggles to the cottage door,
And strews the ragged ground.

I see it all along my way,
A delicate, sweet bloom ;
The artist in his work ; a spray
That bears no hint of gloom :
A touch of color, faint and fine ;
The artist at his best,
Beneath a careless, swift, design,
Supreme and self-confessed.

This flower that runs across the hill
With such unconscious grace,
That seeks some wilderness to fill,
And make a heavenly place ;
This masterpiece for common folk,
Lit with the artist's joy,
Let no unthinking, wanton stroke,
No ruthless hand, destroy.

— *Marion Lisle.*



The Myth of the Song Sparrow.

His mother was the Brook, his sisters were the Reeds,
And they every one applauded when he sang about his deeds.
His vest was white, his mantle brown, as clear as they could be,
And his songs were fairly bubbling o'er with melody and glee.
But an envious Neighbor splashed with mud our Brownie's coat and vest,
And then a final handful threw that stuck upon his breast.
The Brook-bird's mother did her best to wash the stains away,
But there they stuck, and, as it seems, are very like to stay.
And so he wears the splashes and the mud blotch as you see,
But his songs are bubbling over still with melody and glee.

— *Ernest Seton-Thompson.*

The Song-Sparrow.

There is a bird I know so well,
 It seems as if he must have sung
 Beside my crib when I was young ;
 Before I knew the way to spell
 The name of even the smallest bird,
 His gentle, joyful song I heard.
 Now see if you can tell, my dear,
 What bird it is that, every year,
 Sings " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He comes in March, when winds are strong,
 And snow returns to hide the earth ;
 But still he warms his heart with mirth,
 And waits for May. He lingers long
 While flowers fade ; and every day
 Repeats his small, contented lay ;
 As if to say, we need not fear
 The season's change, if love is here,
 With " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

He does not wear a Joseph's coat
 Of many colors, smart and gay ;
 His suit is Quaker brown and gray,
 With darker patches at his throat.
 And yet of all the well-dressed throng
 Not one can sing so brave a song.
 It makes the pride of looks appear
 A vain and foolish thing, to hear
 His " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

A lofty place he does not love,
 But sits by choice, and well at ease,
 In hedges, and in little trees
 That stretch their slender arms above
 The meadow-brook ; and there he sings
 Till all the field with pleasure rings ;
 And so he tells in every ear,
 That lowly homes to heaven are near,
 In " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."

I like the tune, I like the words ;
 They seem so true, so free from art,
 So friendly, and so full of heart,
 That if but one of all the birds
 Could be my comrade everywhere,
 My little brother of the air,
 This is the one I'd choose, my dear,
 Because he'd bless me, every year,
 With " Sweet—sweet—sweet—very merry cheer."
 —Henry Van Dyke, in *The Builders and Other Poems.*

The Blue Jay.

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,
How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of lake for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your vest?
Tell me, I pray you,—tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in azure dye,
When April began to paint the sky,
That was pale with winter's stay?
Or were you hatched from a bluebell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

O Blue Jay up in the maple tree,
A-tossing your saucy head at me,
With ne'er a word for my questioning,
Pray, cease for a moment your "ting-a-link,"
And hear when I tell you what I think,—
You bonniest bit of the spring.

I think when the fairies made the flowers,
To grow in these mossy fields of ours,
Periwinkles and violets rare,
There was left of the spring's own color, blue,
Plenty to fashion a flower whose hue
Would be richer than all and as fair.

So, putting their wits together, they
Made one great blossom so bright and gay,
The lily beside it seemed blurred;
And then they said, "We will toss it in air;
So many blue blossoms grow everywhere,
Let this pretty one be a bird!"

—*Susan Hartley Swett.*

The Thrush.

[Written for Arbor and Bird Day.]

What a joy June brings to the heart of youth,
 When the earth once more is a paradise,
 When the grass blades tell us the sacred truth,
 And the love of God is before our eyes !
 Then each golden hour is a precious boon,
 And the song of the thrush is understood,
 As it ripples, late in the afternoon,
 From the sun-crowned top of the cottonwood.

To the little nest that is far below
 Fall the liquid notes of that evening hymn ;
 Not a sweeter place doth the singer know
 Than his tiny home in the shadows dim ;
 List again, oh, list to that strain in tune
 With the summer day, and the thought of good,
 As the thrush sings, late in the afternoon,
 From the sun-crowned top of the cottonwood.

How it fills the heart with grief to think
 That a human hand strikes the singer down,
 That the wing of a thrush or a bobolink
 Is ever worn on a hat or gown !
 May a safe glad time come swift and soon
 To each mother-bird and her precious brood,
 And the thrush sing still, in the afternoon,
 From the sun-crowned top of the cottonwood.

—*Marion Lisle,*

The Humming Bird.

Oh, dainty "living sunbeam,"
 With gorgeous colors bright,
 Show me your ruby necklace
 And gauzy wings so light ;
 Just pause one little moment
 Before the open door,
 And whisper low the secret
 You found within that flower.

—*Selected.*

CLASS EXERCISES.

Three Little Violets.

(EXERCISE FOR SMALLEST GIRLS.)

All recite, each with violet hidden behind back.

Three violets slept in a deep, silent wood,
 So long, oh, so long, long ago.
 Each wore the tiniest green satin hood,—
 So long, oh, so long, long ago !

First girl (holding out yellow violet.)

The tallest one awoke from her long winter sleep,—
 And gazed on the great golden sun,
 He dropped on her petals a sunbeam to keep,—
 The brightest and tiniest one.

Second girl (holding out blue violet.)

The next rubbed her sleepy and wondering eyes
 And shook from her petals the dew,
 And caught in a smile from the happy May skies
 A bit of their beautiful blue,

Third girl (holding out white violet.)

The smallest of all in a dark lonely hour,
 Wide opened her eyes big and bright,
 A stray snow-flake kissed her and made the wee flower
 Forever and ever pure white !

All (with heads held on one side, and violets brought close together.)

And none of the butterflies bright in that wood,
 So long, oh, so long, long ago,
 Could tell which was sweetest. Do you think *you* could ?
 So long, oh, so long, long ago !

—A. E. A.

The Birds and the Hours.

(One child asks the question, "Who is the bird?" and another answers with the remainder of the stanza.)

4 A. M.

Who is the bird of the early dawn?
The brown capped Chippy, who from the lawn
Raises his wings and with rapture thrills,
While his simple ditty he softly trills.

5 A. M.

Who is the bird of the risen sun?
The Robin's chorus is well-nigh done
When Bobolink swings from the clover high,
And scatters his love notes across the sky.

9 A. M.

Who is the bird of the calm forenoon?
The Catbird gay with his jeering tune,
Who scolds and mimics and waves his wings,
And jerks his tail as he wildly sings.

NOON.

Who is the bird of the middle day?
The green-winged, red-eyed Vireo gray,
Who talks and preaches, yet keeps an eye
On every stranger who passes by.

5 A. M.

Who is the bird of the afternoon?
The Wood Thrush, shy, with his silvery tune
Of flute and zither and flageolet;
His rippling song you will never forget.

7 P. M.

Who is the bird of the coming night?
The tawny Veery, who, out of sight
In cool dim green o'er the waterway,
The lullaby echoes of sleeping day.

9 P. M.

Who is the bird that when all is still
Like a banshee calls? The Whip-poor-will;
Who greets the Nighthawk in upper air
Where they take their supper of insect fare.

MIDNIGHT.

Who are the birds that at midnight's stroke
Play hide-and-seek in the half dead oak?
And laugh and scream 'til the watch dog howls?
The wise-looking, mouse hunting young Screech Owls.

All in chorus.

Good Night! Good Day!
Be kind to the birds and help repay
The songs they sing you the livelong day,
The bugs they gobble and put to flight—
Without birds, orchards would perish quite!

Good Day! Good Night!

—Mrs. M. O. Wright.

Bird Game.

KATHERINE BEEBE.

(For this game divide the children into six groups, letting each group represent one kind of bird. The children, in their seats, sing or recite the first verse together and then all fly away to some selected part of the school-room. The first group flies back to place, sings or recites its verse and then sits down. The other groups follow in order, and when all are seated the last verse is given in concert, after which all the children fly freely about the room for a time, playing birds, *being* birds, and dramatizing bird life according to inclination and ability.)

I

Brave little Snow-birds in white and gray !
 Summer is coming so *we* cannot stay !
 The place for our nesting is far in the north,
 You think it is cold here, but it is our south.

II

We are Free Creepers, so speckled and small,
 We were almost the last to go south in the fall ;
 We are almost the first to come back, and you see
 We go creeping around and around up the tree.

III

We are the Grackles so shiny and black ;
 We wonder if farmers are glad we are back !
 They will hear our gay chatter from night untill morn
 As we keep a sharp eye on their wheat and their corn.

IV

And now Robin Redbreast comes back with the spring.
 On the high tree-tops he'll whistle and sing.
 He knows everybody is happy to see
 Both him and his mate on her nest in the tree.

V

Blithe, bonny Bluebirds the south wind has sent,
 Each hoping to find a new bird house to rent,
 Or else a snug hole in a post, fence, or tree,
 Where wee baby Bluebirds well sheltered may be.

VI

Gay flashing Orioles, whistling clear,
 Tell you that springtime is certainly here.
 We wait for the elm-leaves to cover the nest
 On the high swaying branches which we love the best.

VII

Swift darting Swallows way up in the sky
 Tell that the summer is very close by.
 Frosts must be over and warm weather come
 Before we risk leaving our safe southern home.

VIII

Now the days are full of music !
 All the birds are back again ;
 In the tree-tops, in the meadows,
 In the woodlands, on the plain.
 See them darting through the sunshine !
 Hear them singing loud and clear !
 How they love the busy springtime,
 Sweetest time of all the year !

How are Songs Begot and Bred?

How are songs begot and bred?
 How do golden measures flow?
 From the heart or from the head?
 Happy Poet! let me know.

Tell me first how folded flowers
 Bud and bloom in vernal bowers;
 How the south wind shapes its tunes—
 The harper he of June!

None may answer, none may know;
 Winds and flowers come and go,
 And the self-same canons bind
 Nature and the Poet's mind.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

How do birds first learn to sing?
 From the whistling wind so fleet,
 From the waving of the wheat,
 From the rustling of the leaves,
 From the raindrop on the eaves,
 From the children's laughter sweet,
 From the plash when brooklets meet.

—*Mary Mapes Dodge.*

The State Tree.

“The maple is supple, and lithe, and strong,
 And claimeth our love anew,
 When days are listless, and quiet, and long,
 And the world is fair to view.
 And later—as beauties and graces unfold—
 A monarch right royally drest
 With streamers aflame and pennons of gold,
 It seemeth of all the best ”

—*New York Arbor Day Annual, 1897.*

Where the low wind of autumn grieves,
 A light shines from the maple leaves.
 Whose gold and crimson tints must be
 The soul of sunset in a tree.

—*William Hamilton Hayne.*

SONGS.

In Spring

C. M. Arndt.

Folksong.

mf

1. Bréezes, soft - ly blow, Tell the flow'rs to wak - en; All the sky is
 2. Bloom, sweet vi - o - let, Warm spring air per - fum - ing, Pur - ple pet - als
 3. Mur - mur, riv - u - let, Thro' the meadow glid - ing, Greet the flowers
 4. Leap, leap, heart of mine, Wake to spring's own gladness, Bloom like flowers

cres. *f*

spotless blue, Earth is fresh and green and new. Breez - es, soft ly blow,
 soft unfold, Gladden field and hill and wold. Bloom, sweet vi - o - let,
 ev - 'ry one As thro' blooming fields you run. Mur mur, riv - u - let,
 fresh and sweet, Sing with cheery brooklet fleet. Leap, leap, heart of mine.

Tell the flow'rs to wak - en.
 Warm spring air per - fum - ing.
 Thro' the meadow glid - ing.
 Wake to spring's own gladness.

From the Second Book in Vocal Music of the Modern Music Series, Scott, Foresman & Co. Pub.

VIOLETS, VIOLETS.

Vi - o - lets, vi - o - lets, beau - ti - ful blue vi - o - lets, La - den with
 per - fume and drip-ping all with dew; From dell and from din - gle, by
 rills and by riv - u - lets, La - dy, at sun - rise I sought them for you. FINE.
 En-closed in a clus-ter of green leaves I found them, Hid-ing their heads from the gaze of the day;
 Slight not, oh, slight not the shy lit-tle flower, It seeks not to vie with the gay gar-den rose;
 Be-trayed by the scent they themselves shed around them, I culled the coy blossoms and bore them away.
 Tho' hum - ble the in-cense it brings to your bower, If its life be a short one, 'tis sweet to its close.

*D. S. and D. C.**Arbor Day.**Tune. — "Jingle Bells."*

Now the spring is here, and we love it so,
 Gone is winter drear with its hail and snow;
 Springtime is the best with its blossoms gay,
 Our dear world is brightly dressed, for this
 Arbor Day.

Chorus:—

Arbor Day! Arbor Day! all around is fair,
 Budding trees and blooming flowers and sing-
 ing everywhere.
 Arbor Day! Arbor Day! all around is fair,
 Budding trees and blooming flowers, and sing-
 ing everywhere.

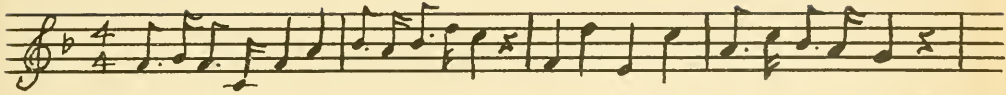
Birdies wake, and sing early in the morn,
 Every living thing gladly hails the dawn;
 Skies are bright and blue, grass is green and
 gay,
 All is happy, glad and fair for this Arbor
 Day: *Cho.*

Lovely flowers of Spring, God has made for
 you,
 First he sent the rain, then the sparkling dew,
 Then on Mother Earth, shown the sunshine
 ray,
 And at last we bring them here to gladden
 Arbor Day: *Cho.*

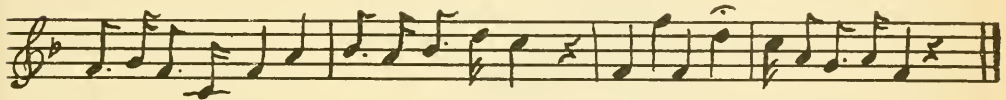
—Nebraska Special Day Programme.

Pretty Little Bluebird.

From the GERMAN.



- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. Pretty little bluebird, singing in the trees, | Tell me, tell me, tell me, if you please, |
| 2. Merry little maiden, if you will but wake, | Ear - ly, ear - ly, when the day's at break, |
| 3. Pretty little bluebird, tell me now I pray, | Tell me, tell me, 'fore you fly away, |
| 4. Merry little maiden, up above the sky, | Some one, some one, watches from on high; |



How you keep your dress so tid - y and so new,	Tell me, tell me, little bird of blue.
When the bonnie dewdrop nestles in the rose,	Then you'll find us washing out our clothes.
Who it is that taught you, taught you how to sing,	Tell me, tell me, 'fore you're on the wing.
If it isn't He that taught me how so well,	Surely, surely, I can never tell.

From "Arbor Day Manual."

The Wild Bird.

Tune.—"Coming Thro' the Rye."

Oh, what joy to be a wild bird	Now his dainty bill he's dipping
Always free from care—	In the running brook;
Tilting in the sunny meadows,	Now the water he is sipping
Flitting thro' the air.	With an upward look.
All the flowers know and greet him	Hark! a rustle, chirp, a flutter;
With a graceful bow;	See, he flies away!
All the grasses whisper to him	Now he's back again a-swinging
Secrets soft and low.	On a bending spray.

High above us he is circling,
Swiftly round and round;
All the while his song is ringing
With a joyous sound.
Oh, what joy to be a wild bird,
Always free from care—
Tilting in the sunny meadows,
Flitting thro' the air.

—Annie Chase.

A Song for Arbor Day.

Tune.—"America."

Strike deep thy rootlets down,
 Spread forth thy leafy crown,
 Make fair this place,
 Richly by Nature blest.
 Shelter the song-bird's nest,
 Shadow the traveller's rest
 With airy grace.

Upright as truth, oh tree,
 Wide-spread as charity,
 Rooted in love.
 Though skies be blue or gray,
 Reach farther day by day,
 Bare boughs or leaves of May
 Ever above.

When hands that turn this soil
 Rest from life's care and toil,
 Let thy leaves fall ;
 Russet, or red, or gold,
 Covering the barren mold
 With beauty fold on fold ;
 Heaven over all.

—*Martha J. Hawkins.*

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